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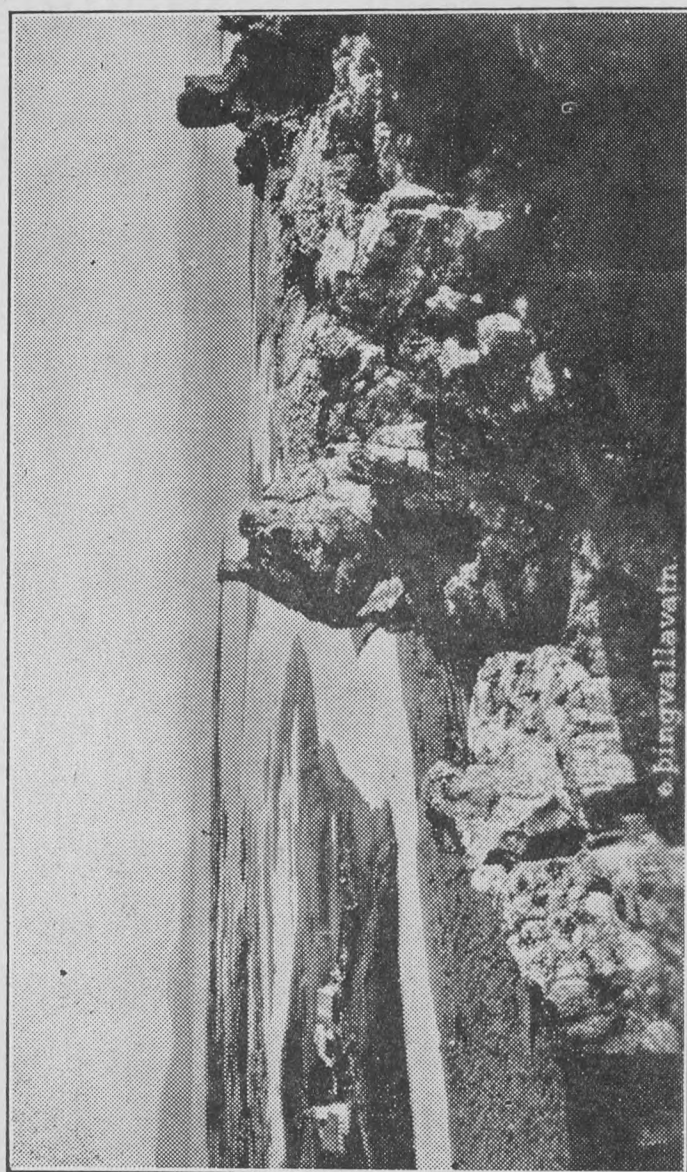
The Icelandic Canadian



THIRD and FOURTH VOLUMES
1944 to 1946



A Quarterly Magazine
Published by The Icelandic Canadian Club
Winnipeg, Manitoba



PÍNGVALLA LAKE, BORDERING ON THE PLAINS OF PARLIAMENT, ICELAND

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The Icelandic Canadian

Vol. 3

Winnipeg, Man., September 1944

No. 1

Let's Get Acquainted

★

Ontario's Minister of Agriculture has invited a group of members of the Legislature to accompany him on an excursion into the northern part of the Province in order that they may observe for themselves the great potential value agricultural and otherwise of that vast territory. This is an idea which Canadian legislators elsewhere might copy with profit to themselves and the people they serve. Only a relatively few of us have seen much of this great country in which we live where a journey of even a thousand miles—as from Winnipeg to the Rockies—reveals no startling changes in geography or in living conditions. It is not surprising then, that legislators do not know their own Province well, and that they are not fully cognizant of its resources or the varied methods of livelihood it has to offer the prospective settler.

We are all for this idea of travel and should like to see some scheme devised so that not only the legislators but Canadians generally could see more of their country and become better acquainted with their fellow Canadians. This would do more to promote national unity and counteract sectional differences than any other means we can think of. Furthermore, if Canadians had a better knowledge of their country, those who were not doing as well as they desired in one locality, could more readily select and migrate to another part where conditions and opportunities were more suitable to them. Only travel can open the eyes of our younger people to the many and diverse possibilities this good land has to offer those who are ambitious and industrious.

Differences of opinion, outlook, and so on, are bound to exist in this broad land extending over five time zones. Some of these are minor controversies—more in the nature of political footballs—but others, more acute, demand a tolerant and sympathetic attitude from all citizens who put the good of the country before the profit to self or party.

Now, we all know that the easiest way to settle differences as between friends or neighbors, is to discuss them in a friendly manner, face to face. This is just as true for the Provinces, or other sections of the country as for individuals. The chances are very good that the chap living two thousand miles away is an honest, well intentioned citizen when you come to know him; but you have to know him to realize this. When you have learned to know him, you will shed your suspicions; and on looking at the matters in dispute from his viewpoint, you will have more respect for and understanding of his arguments. You will also find him paying you back in the same coin. In these circumstances differences can be composed and compromise arrived at.

But if we are going to get acquainted, we must travel. It is not enough to read the newspapers and periodicals, though these render excellent service to the public. Canada, for instance, is a bilingual country. Many of us never see a French newspaper, and many French-speaking people

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never see an English newspaper. The same is probably true of individuals belonging to other linguistic groups. In fact, newspapers published even in the same language, may present viewpoints, diametrically opposed, on some questions of national importance, because different conditions prevail in their immediate surroundings. Finally, opinions based on direct observation and personal contact are more valid than any obtained second-hand.

When this war is over, it is altogether likely that our railroads will find their passenger traffic reduced considerably. Why should they not co-operate in a vigorous campaign to sell Canada to Canadians? We have excellent railways extending far and wide throughout the country. The more use we can make of them the better for everybody. Cannot the railways organize excursions to enable citizens of modest means to view a generous stretch of country without too heavy a cost? To do this effectively, we need 'mileage' tickets (which should be honored on all our railways) rather than those from station to station. If Mr. Citizen desires to travel, say ten thousand miles, sell him a ten thousand mile ticket. His journey would be broken by frequent stop-overs, but each conductor could punch or otherwise indicate the mileage covered on his train. Certain details would have to be worked out but nothing that should baffle our transportation experts. Further, the railways could possibly make special arrangements with hotels in towns and cities for special rates for these tourists.

It seems to us that in days gone by much more emphasis was placed on advertising and popularizing tours abroad than travel in our own land. Every now and then, the mail brought illustrated folders extolling the wonders of distant countries, and urging the readers to take advantage of reduced tourist rates to visit these strange and picturesque places. Why not use similarly effective methods and offer equally alluring rates to induce Canadians to see Canada?

In the past, our railways did occasionally offer passenger tickets between certain specified points, and valid for only a brief time, at the low rate of one cent per mile. We are not in a position to say whether this was a paying proposition or not. Presumably, it must have been; otherwise the offer would not have been repeated. It certainly was popular. Could not this idea be enlarged upon? Could not our railways sell tickets, good for so many miles, preferably in the thousands, in any direction on any of our railways and valid for a reasonable time limit? And how close to one cent a mile could the railways bring the price of these tickets?

—J. G. J.

The Icelandic Canadian

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Our Soldier Dead

By W. J. LINDAL

★

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

For many months and indeed since almost the beginning of the war we have been fearful of what was bound to happen. We saw our young men and women stout of heart and clear of mind, volunteer for service in a world struggle which we knew would sooner or later claim many of them. As they bade us farewell our hearts were filled with a peculiar mingling of pride and sadness. We knew what was at stake and we were proud that the youth of our national group left so freely and even cheerfully. But we were also sad. We knew what awaited them, the price that had to be paid. Tears came to our eyes.

We would not have had it otherwise. The spirit of the Icelandic people, commemorated, only a few short weeks ago, in Iceland and wherever her sons and daughters had travelled and made their new home, is a spirit which will not die, a spirit which centuries of hardship and struggle could not destroy. The Icelandic settler brought it with him to America. Here, in the open spaces of the west, it has flourished and become enriched. It was therefore to be expected and indeed was inevitable that in a struggle where freedom, the very fabric of that spirit, was at stake, our youth would spontaneously offer themselves in numbers, relatively equal to those of any national group on this continent, not even excepting the Anglo-Saxons.

During the last four years the names of Icelandic boys have appeared in the casualty lists. Some were reported killed in action or presumed dead. Our hearts went out to those who had lost their loved ones but we felt grateful and relieved that the numbers were as yet not very large.

But now D-day has come and gone.

The victories in France were even more brilliant than what we could have imagined in our fondest dreams. The turning point in the battle of France was at Caen. The Canadians were there; many of our boys were among them. American forces showed lightning speed in other areas; among them were lads of our kith and kin.

The battle of France has been won and the battle of Germany is on.

The flush of victory was soon beclouded. Heavy casualty lists began pouring in. Those fateful telegrams came and keep on coming. Many an Icelandic home has felt the loss of a dear one or one dear to close friends. Perhaps every home will feel it before the struggle is over.

We, of that little island in the Northern Seas, are so few. In the first war we gave at least as freely as others. Many of them sleep in Flanders

Fields. And now again, and in larger numbers, the flower of our youth are giving their all. Our mothers, wives and sweethearts; our fathers; our children; we all, are losing too much. We can't afford it; it is bleeding us to death. We rebel. The price is too big.

But is it?

We must be calm. We must try to reason why it had to be. We must evaluate, in values spiritual rather than of the world, what they have done for humanity, for us, for their loved ones, yes, for themselves.

"I doubt not through the ages

One increasing purpose runs."

In these beautiful words Tennyson uttered a deep world truth. At times we cannot understand that purpose. Life on earth is so haphazard, subject to such divers agencies and even accidents. It seems so contrary to what we, with our limited reasoning faculties, would expect of a Purpose divinely planned. But our faith in that Purpose must not falter. You, who have given so much, must remain steadfast in that faith.

The soldiers themselves have that faith. As they apply their utmost skill, acquired in careful and exacting training, in wielding most terrible weapons built to destroy human lives, and as they feel, in the hour of danger, that their courage does not wane nor their spirits flag, they see the directing hand of God.

An American Pilot Officer, John Gillespie Magee Jr., on duty 30,000 feet in the air, even as he guided his engine of destruction, could feel the Directing Power behind it all. On the back of a letter he sent to his parents shortly before he was killed he scribbled a sonnet which concludes with these soul-stirring words:

"And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod

The high, untrespassed sanctity of space

Put out my hand and touched the face of God."

An Air Force station commander, looking through the effects of a young bomber pilot, who was reported killed, found a letter addressed to the boy's mother with instructions that it was to be mailed if ever the flier should fail to return. The mother preferred that the letter be kept anonymous. Parts of it read as follows:

"Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scrap

"For all that can be said against it I still maintain this war is a very good thing; every individual will have a chance to give his all for the principle, like the martyrs of old

"I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle, because He knows what is good for us."

Our faith must be equally strong.

But you, mothers, who have lost so much will say: "Why should my boy make the sacrifice? Why should the innocent suffer—suffer for the sins of the guilty?"

We all must try to answer that question, each for himself. We must remember that the Divine Plan is not for the individual but for all of humanity.

Few have answered that question better than Leslie D. Weatherhead in his book: "Why do men suffer?"

"It is His purpose to have a human free agent, not a human automaton; therefore He must give free-will . . . It is His purpose to deny His purposes until man can co-operate with Him for their consummation and goal . . .

"A man can say 'no' to God, and God is helpless to coerce, because God has given man a freewill, and having given, will never take it back again."

The Godless Nazis were free agents. You, innocent children, who have lost your fathers, suffer for the crimes of men whom the Creator made free agents. But remember, right may be worsted for a while but wrong will never triumph.

We must do more than have faith and try to understand why the innocent suffer.

You, fathers, who had built such high hopes for your sons, who now are gone, you must keep fresh in your minds the world they would have had to live in if the war had been lost. That will ease the pain, the sense of waste and loss.

Now that victory seems to be near we may forget what our soldier boys and girls have done for humanity and for us. Democratic peoples often take their freedom for granted. It is only when it is threatened that they begin to value it. But after the danger is over they all too often sink back into their carefree ways. That must not be.

One of the war dramas, called "This Precious Freedom", written by Arch Oboler, gives us a glimpse of what would have happened if we had lost the war. The hero, John Stevenson, went off on a holiday to a deserted place and had no communication with the world for a month. When he returns he finds that a most startling change has taken place. People are afraid to talk to him. His office is closed, all his employees gone. Reaching home, he finds his wife missing. No one will tell him where she is gone. He lets out a few appropriate oaths and is promptly arrested and taken to jail where he is put through a torturing third degree. Finally he discovers that there has been a Nazi invasion and that he is in the hands of the Gestapo. He finds his wife in the next cell. She is being held until he confesses to crimes he did not commit nor any one else. When finally left to himself he ponders deeply:

"I wanted everything, and I didn't want to risk anything . . .

If all this isn't really a dream . . . then I don't want to go on living."

Our brave lads chose not to live in such a world. They risked everything and you, wives and sweethearts and sisters, lost what was dearest to you, that we might go on living.

The war has done more than teach us that we cannot have everything our own way, that we are our brothers' keepers. It has raised individuals and even whole nations to heights of service which is given only to those to reach who feel that their's is a mission divine and not mundane. The British people who stood alone and fought the battle of Britain, the Belgian

children who calmly obeyed when their mothers asked them to lie in bed because then they could exist on a little less, the Norwegian young women who froze on the cliff tops as they waited to direct the boats returning after they had carried their sweethearts to Scotland where they could join the Allied armies—these are but random examples.

The soldiers themselves, on land, on sea and in the air, even as they die, will yet be a living testament to all humanity, throughout the ages, of a mortal's loftiest selfless service, rendered at the very crowning hour when he becomes immortal. The sacrifice they all made is the same, of equal merit. The unknown soldier who performed the unknown deed is no less a hero than the one who chanced to be at a place where some one could bear witness to his heroism, or who, before the hour of supreme sacrifice, had been able to record in a letter or pass by word of mouth what those about him and he had done. The records of instances of highest individual and group sacrifice and personal calm in the hour of danger are but testimony of the service and mental control of them all. We need not relate many of these records, two or three will suffice.

On the morning of March 28, 1942, a Commando raid was made on St. Nazaire in France. The main purpose was to ram an old destroyer, laden with concrete, against the dock gates and block the entrance. This had been done and in the old boat were five tons of T. N. T., and a delayed-action fuse.

Two British naval officers were captured during the raid and were questioned about the destroyer. The Germans wanted to know whether there were explosives on the boat. The officers said no, but the Germans were suspicious. "If that is the case" they said, "we will go aboard and you will come with us."

Without the slightest hesitation the officers agreed and walked aboard with the Germans and stayed there while German officers started to examine the contents of the boat. In a short while the five tons of T. N. T. went off, killing everyone aboard and blowing out the dock gates.

Lieut-Col. C. C. Merritt, of British Columbia, led a battalion in the raid on Dieppe. An advance had to be made across a bridge which was swept by very heavy machine-gun, mortar and artillery fire. The first parties were mostly destroyed and the bridge became thickly covered with their bodies.

A daring lead was required. Waving his helmet, Lt.-Col. Merritt rushed forward shouting, "Come on over, there is nothing to worry about here." He thus personally led the survivors of at least four parties in turn across the bridge. Later, when held up by enemy pill boxes, he again headed rushes which succeeded in clearing them. Although twice wounded Lt.-Col. Merritt continued to direct his unit. For his bravery and the fine example he set to his men he was awarded the V. C.

The humility and selflessness of the soldier can be seen in a letter from the last war, written by Gudmundur Magnusson, son of the late Olafur and Mrs. Magnusson of Lundar, Manitoba. It was written a few days before he was killed in the great summer offensive of 1918 in France and Belgium.

"After having been many months in France and met many other soldiers from all parts of Canada, I can tell you that in spite of all the soldiers have to endure they do not fear for the future. The only thing they worry about at times is the welfare of their dear ones at home . . .

"Oh! how small we are, how large the infinite!

"It is my firm conviction that those of us who return will come back the better and the nobler than when we came."

Countless other known instances of heroism and calm fortitude could be related. Those unknown are illimitable in numbers as well as in quality of service.

The spirit which has raised these boys to heights of glory above that which is mortal is one which birth cannot give nor training create. It comes from within. Or does it come from above? Only when we pass the dividing line will we know.

It is good that the loved ones, who gave so much, were with us for a while. And it was good for them.

"Call the World, if you please, 'the Vale of Soul Making.' Then you will find out the use of the world."

These inspiring words of John Keats are a comfort to us all. What matters it how long they were with us. "Trailing clouds of glory," they have crossed to the Beyond.

Soul Making—that was their mission. How gloriously fulfilled! Dry those tears.

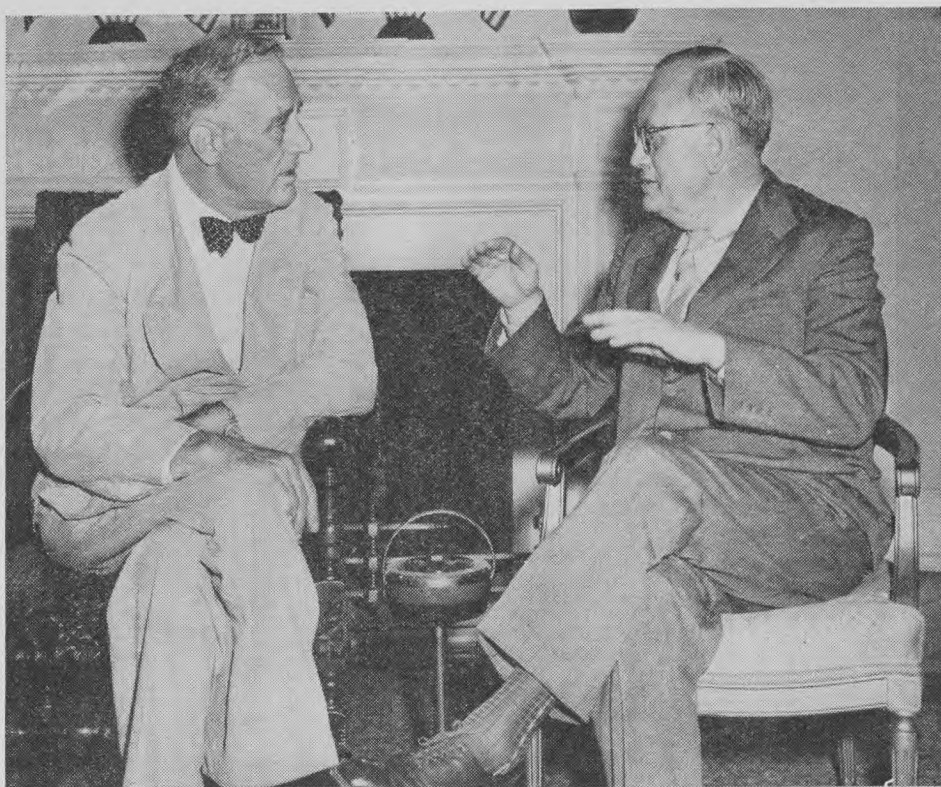


Between Midnight and Morning

By SIR OWEN SEAMAN



Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight
I saw the Morning break."



President Roosevelt and President Sveinn Björnsson in conference at the White House, Aug. 24, 1944.

✱

The world of free men rejoiced on June 17 last on the occasion of an event which was of special significance to those who believe in the orderly and peaceful evolution of the democratic way. The occasion was the restoration of the Republic of Iceland.

Two months had barely passed when this event was followed by another which demonstrated that the congratulations were more than empty diplomatic courtesies and that behind them was the outstretched hand of freedom-loving nations, according to the new member all the rights and dignities of a sovereign state.

In August last, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President of the United States of America invited Sveinn Björnsson, the President of the Republic of Iceland, to be his guest at the White House in Washington.

The visit lasted three days. What was said or discussed is left to us to surmise. In view of the emergence of Iceland as one of the strategic points on the world arterial highways the subjects discussed were undoubtedly of deep concern to both countries and probably of international import. But the details of the discussions were not the most important part of the conference.

One of the great democratic nations of the world has led the others in giving Iceland the status in reality which, only a short time ago, it acquired officially.

Iceland is more than independent. It is a nation among the free nations of the world, the heads of which will meet from time to time collectively and in bilateral consultations to plan the world of tomorrow and preserve the peace in that world.

—W. J. L.

Iceland

★

A dramatization of leading events in the history of Iceland, which was part of a half hour broadcast over the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and many of its affiliated stations on June, 17th, last in recognition of the restoration of the Republic of Iceland. In response to many requests that this radio drama be recorded in permanent form the Icelandic Canadian is happy to publish it.

MUSIC: THE NATIONAL ANTHEM . . . FADE DOWN.

NARRATOR: There is a place in Iceland called Thingvellir . . . a great, sunken plain nearly ten miles long and five miles broad. This weirdly beautiful valley . . . with its blue lake, its tumbling, crystal waterfalls and its contorted formations of age-old lava . . . has been aptly called the "Amphitheatre of Democracy". Here democratic principles were moulded as lofty and ennobling as the grandeur of the surrounding scene. Here the descendants of the Vikings, men who refused to bow before the iron rule of Harald of Norway . . . held their parliament . . . in the best traditions of freedom.

How these pioneers of democracy came to Iceland . . . and how they have fared there during the centuries they and their offspring have inhabited the land . . . is a story glowing with color and inspiration. (PAUSE) One of these Vikings was Ingolfur Arnarson, who had heard tales of the great land on the edge of the Arctic Circle . . . and set forth to found a colony there.

SOUND: SEA EFFECT . . . WAVES AND WIND . . . LATTER FAIRLY STRONG

SAILOR: (In the distance) Land ho!

INGOLF: Land? Was that the hail, Olafur . . . land?

OLAFUR: Yes! Didn't you hear?

SAILOR: (In the distance) Land ho! Dead ahead!

INGOLF: We've sighted land . . . at last! Let's hear you pray, Olafur!

OLAFUR: Our prayers are not needed now! Look ahead. See those icy domes? It is Iceland, Ingolfur! Iceland!

INGOLF: You're right! It could be no other than the land we seek! (Louder) You men . . . slacken sails! Heave to!

OLAFUR: But we haven't yet reached the coast

INGOLF: The gods have been kind to us so far, Olafur . . . guiding us straight to this land.

OLAFUR: On the wings of a storm . . . But why give orders to heave to? The seas are rising!

INGOLF: Patience, Olafur. Have you forgotten my vow?

OLAFUR: Your . . . vow?

INGOLF: The pillars . . .

OLAFUR: Ah yes . . . now I remember. But hasten, Ingolfur. I don't like the look of that sky.

INGOLF: Nevertheless . . . I'm going to cast the pillars adrift . . . here and now. (LOUDER) Men! Cut the pillars free! Slash the ropes! We're safe now . . . and the gods will guide us in. Those pillars are part of the sacred high seat of my ancestors! I swore to cast them adrift when we sighted the shores of Iceland . . . and let the gods of the elements lead us to the most favorable place to found the colony!

SOUND: WIND RISING SHARPLY.

MUSIC: (A STIRRING THEME.)

SOUND: WIND . . . AT HIGH PITCH.

INGOLF: We're veering too far to the East in this gale! (Louder) Helmsman! Watch your course! Must I take over myself?

OLAFUR: Ha! my good friend, our time has come. The breakers will wreck the ship!

INGOLF: Coward! I'll take the helm myself! Keep a sharp watch and let us make for shore.

MUSIC:

SOUND: STORM EFFECT UP . . . THEN FADE DOWN AND OUT

NARRATOR: Upon the steep headland on the Icelandic coast Ingolfur established his colony and set his men to tilling the land. Three years later, he found his lost pillars . . . and true to his vow, he relocated the colony at the point where they had drifted ashore. He called the place Reykjavik . . . or Steaming Bay. (Pause) Other pioneers followed. They established a number of small districts, each ruled by a chieftain who was also high priest of the temple. There was bound to be discord and strife . . . but the spark of democracy burned deep in the hearts of these Vikings. By the year 927, well over a thousand years ago, the chiefs had reached the conclusion that some form of government must be adopted. (BOARD FADE) We find the colonists meeting in assembly . . . led by Thorolf, one of the chiefs.

SOUND: FADE UP MURMER OF VOICES.

THOROLF: We've left our weapons at home! This engagement will be fought with words . . . and let it be a worthy struggle! (PAUSE) Now then . . . we're all agreed that a central government shall be formed. Am I right?

VOICES: (AD LIB AGREEMENT)

THOROLF: Then we must have a code of laws for all.

VOICE 1: Chiefs and freed-slaves, alike!

VOICE 2: Must the chiefs be bound by the same laws as their servants? We have our rights.

THOROLF: We all have our rights! I say let there be a code that every man must respect. Every man! That is the only way we'll have unity.

VOICES: (AD LIB AGREEMENT)

- THOROLF: Good. Then it is settled. Now . . . what about this code of laws?
- VOICE 1: I say we should base it on the laws of the old land.
- THOROLF: What? The laws that bound us like iron chains?
- VOICE 1: The basis is there. We'll adapt them to suit ourselves.
- VOICES: (AD LIB CONTROVERSY)
- THOROLF: Men! Wait! Are we going to come to blows before we come to reason?
- VOICES: (SUBSIDE)
- THOROLF: We have a suggestion before us. Let's have your opinion. Who is in favor?
- VOICES: (LOUD "AYES")
- THOROLF: And now . . . who is against?
- VOICES: (TWO OR THREE VOCIFEROUS "NO'S")
- THOROLF: The majority are in favor. The majority will rule . . . always!
- VOICE 2: (ANGRY) It's revolution! I won't have it! We have our rights!
- VOICE 1: You'll have it . . . or by Odin . . . we'll carve it into your hide!
- VOICES: (AD LIB ALTERCATION)
- THOROLF: (SHOUTING) Men! Men
- VOICES: (UPROAR SUBSIDES)
- THOROLF: (QUIETLY) Are we children? . . . or men of courage and mature wisdom? Come . . . let's finish this in the spirit with which we started. (PAUSE) We are living in a new land . . . where every man's responsibility is equal. If we hope to endure we must lay down principles that will endure. (PAUSE)
- VOICES: (AD LIB ASSENT . . . THEN FADE DOWN.)
- MUSIC: NATIONAL ANTHEM . . . AS A BACKGROUND.)
- NARRATOR: The first Althing, or national assembly was held in the year 930. How the rocks of Thingvellir must have echoed to the strident voices of these first Parliamentarians. The Althing established the laws . . . set up the courts . . . debated questions of policy. Thousands of citizens gathered on the plain each year, while the Althing was in session. There were staged mass social events, sports, feasts, music, dancing, tests of skill and bravery. The Althing was their cultural and social, as well as their national assembly. (PAUSE) But this didn't mean that the Vikings had abandoned their reckless love of adventure. (BOARD FADE) A son of Iceland, on his way from Norway to the colony in Greenland was driven far off his course by a gale. In the light of a cold grey dawn . . . he beheld a strange new land.
- SOUND: FADE UP A LITTLE WIND . . . GUSTY.
- LEIF: How could it be Greenland? We've been running south for days, at the will of the storm.
- VOICE: Does it show on the charts?

- LEIF: Charts? There are no charts for this part of the world, my friend.
- VOICE: It's a strange looking land. Wild . . . and fierce! Maybe we've sailed through the doorway of time.
- LEIF: Nonsense! The hills and the rocks are real . . . and so are those trees. Look at them!
- VOICE: That storm was the hot breath of the devil! We're lost!
- LEIF: Oh . . . we survived it, didn't we? Forget your fears . . . and be glad you've been spared to discover a new land.
- VOICE: Will you be going ashore?
- LEIF: Of course!
- VOICE: But what about the ship?
- LEIF: You can stay aboard . . . if your courage has failed. Take four or five of the men and repair the damaged gear. I'm going ashore. (FADING OFF) We'll need proof to take home with us . . . proof of our discovery!
- MUSIC: (UP THEN FADE INTO BACKGROUND).
- NARRATOR: And they did bring proof . . . grapes from the vines they found growing there, and wheat from the self-sown wheat fields. (PAUSE) The voyager, of course, was Leif Eriks-son . . . but Leif's original purpose when he set out on that fateful voyage had not been one of discovery. During his sojourn in Norway he had accepted the Christian faith . . . and he was on his way to Greenland to attempt the conversion of the people there. (PAUSE) Christianity had by this time gained ground in Iceland and soon bitter feelings arose between men of the old and new faiths. The Althing was divided into two armed camps ready to wage a bloody battle over religion.
- HALLUR: There is but one thing for us Christians to do. We have refused to take the heathen oath and have been denied a seat in the Assembly. We must therefore set up a new state. WILD SHOUTING SUCH AS FOLLOWING:)
- VOICE 1: No . . . No . . . it means civil war!
- VOICE 2: Aye, so be it. Our own laws. No heathen witch-mongering shall keep us down.
- VOICES: (AD LIB YES . . . NO . . . ETC.)
- VOICE 1: Yes . . . break the temples! Throw the idols in the river!
- VOICE 3: Burn the temples would ye? Come feel the edge of this mighty battle axe! Ah . . . you shrink! Then be not so free with words, coward!
- VOICE 4: Let us wait calmly for the law-speaker, Thorgeir, who has been asked to draw up the code of laws for the Christians.
- VOICE 3: (SNEERING) You Christians . . . is that the best you can do for yourselves, to select a heathen to set up your laws? (LAUGHS)
- HALLUR: Thorgeir is a most noble chieftain and his wisdom and fairness are renowned throughout the land.

VOICE 1: Where is Thorgeir?

VOICE 2: He has been meditating on this matter in solitude. He lies in his tent and speaks to no one.

SOUND: (SHOUTING . . . HE IS COMING! . . . ETC.)

HALLUR: We call you to Lögberg, Thorgeir, to give us our code of laws.

THORGEIR: (DEEP CALM VOICE) Men of Iceland! Our people are facing a grave crisis. The peace and unity of our nation is at stake. I ask you . . . gathered together here in Assembly . . . is not the welfare and progress of your country the most important issue to be considered? You followers of Odin and you Christians, are you willing to abide by the laws I submit to you this day?

VOICES: (MURMURINGS . . . THEN LOUD CLEAR AYE . . . AYE . . . WE TRUST TO YOUR WISDOM AND HONESTY . . . WE TRUST YOU, THORGEIR)

THORGEIR: That is well. Let us have recorded the solemn oath of all participants.

VOICES: (AD LIB)

THORGEIR: (SOLEMNLY) I declare this is the beginning of the law of our land . . . that all men shall be Christians and believe in one God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and . . .

CROWD: (LOUD CHEERING . . . ETC.)

NARRATOR: And so Christianity was adopted as the official religion of Iceland in the year 1000. At the same time began the golden Age of Saga literature, centering around the wise and the brave of the settlement. Saemundur, the Wise, wrote the famous Elder Edda, and the greatest of the writers was Snorri Sturluson.

But the destinies decreed that the golden age had to pass.

MUSIC: (BEGIN TO FADE UP OMINOUS)

SOUND: WIND

JON: (PANTING) What a night! I've never seen it so cold!

KRISTIN: I'll put some more fuel on the fire. Even inside these stout turf walls we can feel the draft. (PAUSE) Well . . . any news, Jon?

JON: The only news I have is bad. The ice-floes are banking up along the coast . . . It's likely they'll be there all summer again.

KRISTIN: I suppose that means we'll have no warm weather at all this year.

JON: Probably not. (SIGHING) And no crop.

KRISTIN: I'll warm up the broth for you. You must be cold.

JON: Thanks. (PAUSE) But at least we're still better off than those poor farmers in the south, Kristin.

KRISTIN: You mean the ones in the path of Hekla?

JON: Yes. (HEAVILY) They barely escaped with their lives from that rolling torrent of molten lava. Their fields are buried in ashes a hundred miles from the volcano.

- KRISTIN: Sometimes I wonder what great wrong we have done . . .
We're besieged with smoke and flame from the inside . . .
and hemmed in by ice on the outside.
- JON: It seems like Fate, I know . . . but we must have faith.
- KRISTIN: And the disease! It's like the lava flood, strikes everything
in its path . . . the cattle . . . the sheep . . . the babies.
It is horrible! But I think we could bear even that, if it
were not for the famine . . . (BITTERLY . . . RISING AGI-
TATION) I can't stand the famine. It is caused by the
cruelty and inhumanity of human beings; fat overlords,
living in a foreign country, draining our life blood to
the dregs.
- JON: Flour full of maggots for our children. Men flogged for
the tiniest breach of the trade monopoly when their
families are starving to death!
- KRISTIN: And no redress for these unlawful practices.
(PAUSE)
- GRANDMA: Ah, my children. I see your burdens lie heavy upon you
this evening. Hard times, you say, fire . . . flood and famine.
But our proud spirit is not broken. It bends, maybe, it
lies low a bit . . . but it will flare up again as of old . . . it
will carry us through.
(LOW CROONING SONG)
- GRANDMA: Hear the geysers in the highlands,
Hear the swans among the islands:
That is Iceland's song.
Streams through rocky channels sweeping,
Falls through narrow gorges leaping:
That is Iceland's song.
- JON: I love our poetry and the old sagas. Grandmother. Some-
how . . . they give us something to cling to, don't they?
- GRANDMA: Aye. From the past we can gain confidence for the future.
The same blood runs in your veins that ran so hotly through
men like Ingolfur, and Njall . . . and Leif Eriksson.
- JON: There is food for the mind in the precious old sagas.
- GRANDMA: You know the land with smiling face,
Which many blue-ridged mountains grace,
The song of swan on quiet stream
Where meads with joyous flowers teem.
- MUSIC:
- NARRATOR: The sagas . . . the old Icelandic literature . . . were like
food and drink to the descendants of those Vikings. They
fanned the flickering spirit that might have died otherwise.
But early in the 19th century another era was dawning on
the horizon. Nowhere did the revival of the spirit of free-
dom in Europe find so fertile a field as in Iceland. The care-
ful tending of a great spiritual heritage had not been in
vain and overnight the embers burst into a furious flame
A new literature blossomed forth, from the pen of inspired
patriots whose creative genius aroused the people and

paved the way for Iceland's great liberator, Jon Sigurdsson. It was the knife edge of Sigurdsson's eloquent tongue that cut the first threads of the bond with Denmark.

His successors carried on . . . and thread by thread, the ties were cut. In 1918 the only remaining bond between the two countries was the common king. (PAUSE) And then came the final stroke. The year was 1943. Complete independence for Iceland was in sight. But . . .

SOUND: RUMBLE OF DISTANT GUNFIRE . . . SUSTAIN UNTIL WELL ESTABLISHED, THEN USE AS BACKGROUND.

NARRATOR: Yes . . . the horizon to the East was aflame in that year . . . The Danes had been ground under the German heel. It was global war, this time . . . a war that threatened even the shores of Iceland. So the projected plebiscite was not held. It was taken, instead, in May 20-23 of this year. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of complete autonomy for Iceland. On this great day . . . when the event is being proudly proclaimed to the world . . . the voices of those intrepid Vikings who laid the foundation for a strong, independent Iceland so many years ago may almost be heard again.

MUSIC:

VOICES: "Land of lost gods and godlike men art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen . . . thy hills of snow . . .
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now."

MUSIC: (UP STRONGLY . . . THEN FADE OUT.)

CHOIR: Icelandic National Anthem . . . fade down.



News From The Icelandic Canadian Club

At the meeting held on May 14 the following resolution was also passed unanimously: Whereas it has come to our attention that a number of persons, some of whom are not of Icelandic descent, are anxious to take a series of lessons on the culture, history and government of Iceland; and whereas some of this group would also like to further their knowledge of the Icelandic language; the Icelandic Canadian Club hereby resolves to elect a committee of three to co-operate with a committee of two from the Icelandic National League to

organize this group of people into a class or classes for the purpose of pursuing the aforementioned studies during the coming season, Commencing October 1944,

The committee consists of the following:

From the Icelandic Canadian Club
Mr. W. S. Jonasson
Rev. H. E. Johnson
Mrs. H. F. Danielson
From the Icelandic National League
Mrs. E. P. Jonsson
Miss Vilborg Eyolfson

Nú finn eg angan

Eftir DAVÍÐ STEFÁNSSON



Nú finn eg angan löngu bleikra blóma,
borgina hrundu sé við himin ljóma,
og heyri aftur fagra, forna hljóma,
finst um mig hlýja úr brjósti þínu streyma.

Eg man þig enn og mun þér aldrei gleyma.
Minning þín opnar gamla töfraheima.
Blessað sé nafn þitt bæði á himni og jörðu.

Brosin þín mig að betri manni gjörðu.
Brjóst þitt mér hlýju og hvíldar enn þá veldur.

Þú varst mitt blóm, mín borg, mín harpa og eldur.



Memories

Translation by W. J. LINDAL



The fragrance from a withered flower soothes me,
Fading gleams from distant ruins haunt me,
Ancient lays and lilting music hold me,
Rays that grip me from your bosom stream.

Forget I never shall — the memories seem
A world enchanted, fairer than a dream.
So may your name be blessed on earth and heaven,

Your smiles an urge to starry heights have given.
Your love is comfort in life's restless hour,

You were my fort, my torch, my harp, my flower.

N.E.—Requests have come to the editors that the original be published with the translation of poems. Such requests come from readers whose knowledge of Icelandic is limited and who want to read the original alongside of the translation or who live in districts where there is no access to Icelandic literature. The editorial board has decided that in the case of short poems the original will at times appear with the translation.

MERIT REWARDED

The first, and the only woman of Icelandic extraction, to hold a seat in any legislature on this continent, is Miss Salome Halldorson, B. A., who represented the constituency of St. George, in the Manitoba Legislative Assembly from 1936 to 1941, as a member of the Social Credit Party.

Miss Halldorson, who is a school teacher by profession, has always been keenly interested in sociology. When the "depression" brought distress in its wake in the early thirties, she turned to poli-

ambition. So eventually to college she went, teaching in the holidays to make her fees.

Fellow students recollect that she invariably entered the fall term a month late owing to her teaching, and that just as invariably she had always caught up with the class by Christmas. She found time, as well, for piano practice and violin lessons, in addition to student activities generally.

Upon graduating Miss Halldorson took up teaching as her life's profession. From 1919 to 1936 she taught French and Latin in the Jon Bjarnason Academy, Winnipeg. Here she was one of a group of devoted workers who successfully made a specialty of helping students handicapped by gaps in their primary education. In addition she imposed on herself the extra duty of guiding and directing the musical activities of the pupils, and at one time had a male students' choir which sang over the radio.

On two occasions she took time off for travel and for the improvement of her own knowledge of French; in 1928 when she studied at Middlebury College, Vermont; and in 1930 when she did post graduate work in Paris, France, and also visited Iceland.

Miss Halldorson is now on the staff of the Transcona Collegiate Institute, where she teaches her favorite subjects—French, Latin and music. She avows that aside from her work, she is more interested in people and social conditions than in anything else.

★ ★ ★

The greatest field and track athlete amongst Icelandic Canadians is Sveinn Olafur Sigfusson of Lundar, Man., son of Mr. and Mrs. Skuli Sigfusson.

As a boy Sveinn showed signs of becoming a great athlete. At the age of seventeen he broke an ankle, which for a while threatened to disable him for



Miss SALOME HALLDORSON, B. A.,

tics as a means through which to work a cure. Those who do not agree with her political philosophy grant her complete sincerity of purpose.

Born at Lundar, Manitoba, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Halldor Halldorson, pioneers, who homesteaded there in 1887 on their arrival from Iceland, young Salome got her early education at the one-room, community school. The family was large and the means limited, but there was no limiting Salome's

life for field events. Yet in spite of the fact that he has never had a chance to train with any outstanding athletes nor receive any proper instruction, by working out his own training schedules he has achieved the following:



SVEINN OLAFUR SIGFUSSON
A Great Athlete

- 1935-36-37: Individual champion at the Icelandic Celebration meet at Gimli, Man.
- 1936-37 Manitoba Commonwealth trophy for Grand Aggregate at meets held at River Park and Sargent Park, Winnipeg.
- 1937: Canadian native son record in discus throw.
- 1938: Canadian Championship in hammer throw and four seconds in meet held at Saskatoon.
- 1939: Grand Aggregate at field meet held in Vancouver against a field of Canadian and American athletes.
- 1937-38 39-40-43-44: Grand Aggregate at the Scottish Sports held in Winnipeg. He was also runner-up at the Scottish sports in the years 1938-41 and 42.

1943: Grand Aggregate and cup at Air Force sports held at Brandon.

In the picture he is shown with the trophies he now holds: The Manitoba Commonwealth Trophy, The St. Andrews Shield, the T. Eaton Trophy and the Fort Garry Trophy. Altogether he holds over twenty first and second places in championship field events during the years he has taken part.

In 1940 Sveinn was slated to go the Olympic Sports to be held in Finland but which were abandoned on account of the war. This is the second time Icelandic Canadians have missed sending a track and field man to the Olympic Sports on account of a war.

Sveinn is a big man, six feet four inches tall, weighing over two hundred pounds.

For many years boys from the Lundar district have proven themselves exceptionally able at field events, but that is another story.
—P. R.

From The Business Manager

By GRACE REYKDAL

The Icelandic Canadian now enters its third year and so completes the span of life allotted it by some few skeptics at the time of its beginning. This therefore seems a suitable time to take stock of what has gone into volume one and two and consider what we may hope for in the future.

A glance at the index which appeared in the last issue and covers the first two volumes indicates that most of the material printed to date has been written by some one or other of the editorial board. This has been due not so much to any desire on their part to appear in print as for the simple reason that other material was lacking. We have had valuable voluntary contributions from the outside but not enough of them. At first we could excuse this on the grounds that the magazine was still so new and had not circulated sufficiently, but now that we are more firmly established we

shall expect an increase in contributions. Otherwise it would seem that if the literary heritage which Icelanders have been known to claim from time to time, both in public and in private, still lives it is not lack of talent but lack of interest from which we suffer.

One of the most important features of the magazine is the section dealing with the war effort. It is our aim to make this as complete a record as possible. In order to achieve this we must have the full co-operation of our readers. Such co-operation has not been what we would have wished and as a result very few pictures of those serving in the arm-

ed forces have been sent in. Those which have appeared — and there have been over 300—have almost all been solicited.

Our list of subscribers is gradually growing and covers a wide field both in Canada and United States. Here also there is room for expansion, and here also we need co-operation. Financial difficulties have been overcome by the loyal support of our advertisers.

The staff of the magazine works on a purely voluntary basis, and only so long as we can find people to do the work can we continue. The future of The Icelandic Canadian rests on your continued interest and support.



THE COMMON MAN

BY BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON



Thro' the ages of strife and struggle
And the din of every fight.
Thro' the rise and fall of nations
There has shone a ray of light;
To pave the byways of progress
And stretch across centuries span.
For the Cause of humanities welfare;
The claim of the common man.

The present has brought us reflection
And opened new vistas of thought
And roused a new spirit of freedom
Which war and rebellion have taught.
And out of the gloom and the darkness
With no fetter, no chain or ban
We hear it so mighty and forceful;
The cry of the common man.

O future with ways all untrodden
And wonders and glories untold.
To you shall be given the power,
The secrets of life to unfold.
O future with realization
Of humanities greatest plan
With you shall remain the fulfilment
Of the claim of the common man.

OUR WAR EFFORT



1st Sgt. T. A. Shield



Y 2/c Sigrid S. Raphael



S. Sgt. T. P. Shield

1st SGT. THORWALD A. SHIELD—Born Winnipeg, Man., June 7, 1917. Enlisted in the U. S. Army March 1941. Is now stationed at Ft. Bragg, N.C.

Y 2/C SIGRID SHIELD RAPHAEL—Born Akra, N. D., July 1, 1918, enlisted in the United States W.A.V.E.S. Jan. 1943 and is stationed in Washington, D.C.

S/SGT. THEODORE PETER SHIELD—Born Akra, N.D., May 23, 1920. Enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Corps Jan. 6, 1942. He is now serving in the South Pacific.

PARENTS MR. & MRS. E. J. SHIELD (SKJOLD), FORMERLY of WINNIPEG, MAN., AND AKRA, N.D., NOW OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Major Dori Hjalmarson

★

MAJOR DORI HJALMARSON

★

Born February 21, 1908 at Akra, N. D. A 1st Lieutenant in the R.O.T.C., he was called on active duty August, 1941. Shortly after being sent to Washington, D. C., for special training he was sent to Iceland where he serves in the U. S. Intelligence Branch.

He is a foster son of the late Mrs. Margaret Hjalmarson of Akra, N. D.

★

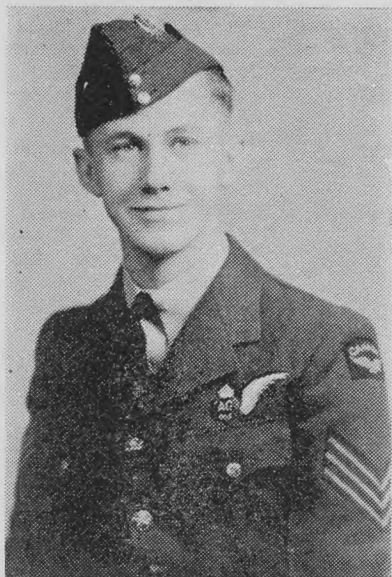


L.A.C. Kris Baldwinson



St. Franklin Baldwinson

★



W.O.2 Walter Baldwinson

L.A.C. KRIS BALDWINSON—Born Dec. 16, 1925 in Regina, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in June 1943 and is stationed at Prince Albert, Sask.

STOKER FRANKLIN BALDWINSON—Born Feb. 11, 1923 in Regina, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in April 1944 and is now serving in Nova Scotia.

WO2 WALTER BALDWINSON—Born in Regina, Sask., Oct. 28, 1921. Early in 1941 he joined the R.C.A.F. as a Machinist, but in August of the same year he re-mustered and took a wireless course. Trained at Winnipeg and MacDonald, Man., graduating as Sgt. W.A.G. in March 1943, and was posted overseas. He was reported missing in April 1944 while on operation over enemy territory.

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**SONS OF MR. & MRS. V. B. BALDWINSON,
WYNYARD, SASK.**

REQUEST TO OUR READERS

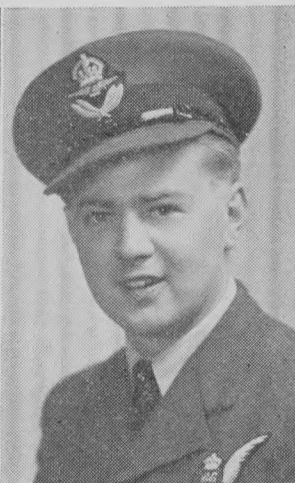
We again ask people of Icelandic extraction to send us photographs and particulars of men and women in the Armed Services of Canada and the United States.

Up to this time we have had to confine our efforts to groups of three or more in a family, but will now be glad to publish pictures of individuals as well as groups. It is our desire to keep as complete a record as possible, and in order to do so we ask your co-operation. Information and photographs of those killed in action is especially requested.

G. Finnbogason, The War Effort Dept.,
641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.



Sgt. Barney Johnson



P.O. Johann Johnson



A.C.1 Simbi Johnson

SGT. BARNEY JOHNSON—Born at Gimli, Man., Jan. 4, 1918. He enlisted with the R.C.A.F. as Airframe Mechanic in Aug. 1940. Embarked for overseas in Nov. 1941. Remustered to air crew and graduated as flight engineer. He was reported missing in June 1943 after completing twenty operational flights over enemy territory, and officially presumed dead in Nov. 1943. He was a member of the famous "Moose Squadron".

P.O. JOHANN JOHNSON—Born at Gimli, Man., May 25, 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Jan. 1943. He trained at Brandon, Calgary and Paulson. Graduated as Wireless Air Gunner and received his commission in May 1944. Is now serving in Nassau, Bahamas.

A.C.1 SIMBI JOHNSON—Born at Gimli, Man., Dec. 29, 1917. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. as Airframe Mechanic in Aug. 1941. He trained at Brandon, Winnipeg and St. Thomas, Ont. Received his discharge in April 1942 owing to ill health.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. J. B. JOHNSON OF GIMLI, MAN.

★

MAGNUS T. LAXDAL

Born April 11, 1916 at Mozart, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.A. in April 1942. Is now serving with the Security Control Office at Sydney, N. S.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thorsteinn Laxdal, formerly of Mozart, Sask., now of Toronto, Ont.

★



Magnus T. Laxdal



Ens. Magnus Hjalmarson S/Sgt. Marvin Hjalmarson Ens. Conrad Hjalmarson

ENSIGN MAGNUS HJALMARSON—Born Sept. 30, 1917 at Akra, N.D. Joined the United States Navy July 1943. Took his training at Columbia University and the U.S.S. Prairie State, New York. At present on active duty somewhere in the Pacific. Three years prior to enlistment he served as Mining Engineer in Chile, South America.

S/SGT. MARVIN HJALMARSON—Born at Akra, N. D., Sept. 11, 1916. Entered the U. S. Army June 1941. Trained at Camp Polk, La., and Fort Benning, Ga., with Armoured Engineers Battalion. Now serving with the U. S. Forces in Europe.

ENSIGN CONRAD HJALMARSON—Born at Akra, N. D., Feb. 26, 1921. Joined the United States Navy July 1943. Trained at Columbia University and U.S.S. Prairie State, N.Y. Is now at State College, Pa., for further training in Engineering. Prior to enlisting he graduated in Engineering from the University of North Dakota.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. B. H. HJALMARSON, AKRA, N. D.



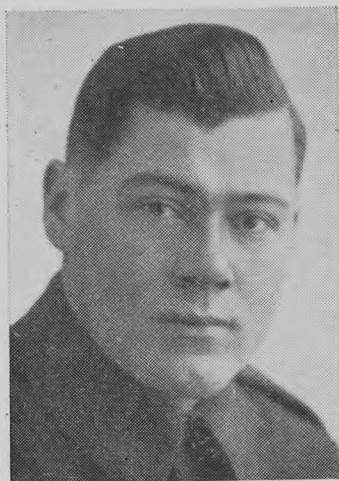
Ens. Julia S. Coffin, N.C.

★

ENSIGN JULIA SOLOMON COFFIN, N.C.

Enlisted in the Nurses Corps of the United States Naval Reserves in January 1943. Was sent to the South Pacific Island of Tulagi in March 1944, where she serves as Head Dietetic Nurse at the base hospital. She is a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Vancouver, B.C., and St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing, Tacoma, Wash. She is the daughter of Mr. John B. Solomon and the late Mrs. Solomon of Point Roberts, Wash.

★



Pte. Thorsteinn Pálsson



Pte. Páll Pálsson

THORSTEINN PÁLSSON—Born Aug. 20, 1922 at Lúndar, Man. Enlisted in the Winnipeg Light Infantry in May 1942. Now serving overseas with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

PÁLL PÁLSSON—Born at Lúndar, Man., Sept. 6, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Nov. 1940. Trained at Toronto, Prince Edward Island and Bagotville, Que. Embarked for overseas in May 1944 where he now serves.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. HJÖRTUR PÁLSSON OF LÚNDAR, MAN.



Sgt. Percy L. Halldorson



Sgt. Barney Halldorson

SGT. PERCY L. HALLDORSON—Born at Langruth, Man., Oct. 12, 1920. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in April 1941. Went overseas and served in the Radio Division. Returned to Canada after year and a half and remustered to air crew. Trained at Winnipeg and Lethbridge, graduating as Navigator in Sept. 1944.

SGT. BARNEY HALLDORSON—Born Aug. 10, 1912 at Langruth, Man. Enlisted in R.C.A. in Nov. 1942. Trained at Portage la Prairie and Chilliwak, B.C. Embarked for overseas in Dec. 1943. Served in France; reported missing on Aug. 10, 1944.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. B. HALLDORSON OF LANGRUTH, MAN.



Major Bayard F. Bjornson



P.F.C. Robert S. Bjornson

★

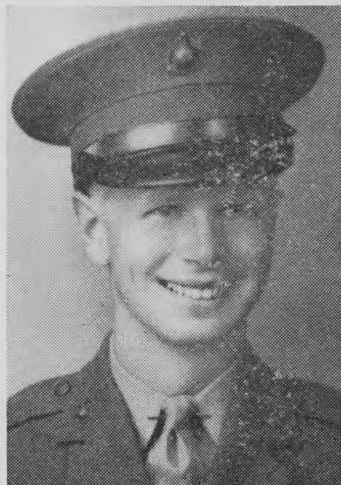
MAJOR BAYARD FREDERICK BJORNSON—Born April 20, 1918. Serving with the U.S.A.S.C., Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio, in charge of standardization and efficient operations of domestic depots of the Air Service Command.

P.F.C. ROBERT S. BJORNSON—Born June, 23, 1920 at Seattle, Wash. Entered the U. S. Army in Sept. 1941. Trained at Fort Lewis, Wash., Camp Roberts and Camp Hahn, Calif. Embarked for overseas early in 1944 and is now serving with the U.S.A. Signal Corps in Italy.

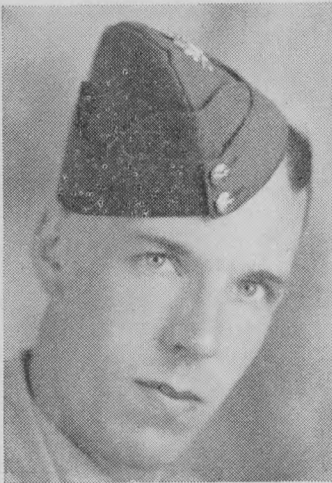
SONS OF MR. & MRS. SVEINN BJORNSON OF SEATTLE, WASH.



ENSIGN ROBERT E. BRANDSON—Born at Mountain, N. D., Dec. 20, 1922. Enlisted in the U. S. Navy Jan. 1943. Now in training at Japanese Language School, Boulder, Col. Parents Mr. and Mrs. Einar Brandson, formerly of Mountain, N. D., now of California.



SGT. ERNEST O. RUNOLFSON—Enlisted in the U. S. Marines June 1942. Trained as Radio Operator at San Diego, Calif. Embarked for the South Pacific in Jan. 1943, now serving on Guam. He is the son of Mrs. Sigrun S. Runolfson and the late Ofeigur O. Runolfson of Seattle.



L.A.C. Harold Sigurdson



L.A.C. Fredrik Sigurdson

L.A.C. HAROLD SIGURDSON—Born at Riverton, Man., Feb. 14, 1916. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Dec. 1943, now stationed at St. Johns, Que.

L.A.C. FREDRIK SIGURDSON—Born at Riverton, Man., May 15, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. April 1943. Now stationed in Winnipeg, Man.



Lt. N/S. Louise Sigurdson



F.O. Baldur Sigurdson

L.T. N/S. LOUISE SIGURDSON—Born at Riverton, Man., Nov. 1, 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.A. Jan. 1944. She is a graduate of the Winnipeg General Hospital Nursing School and prior to enlisting practiced her profession in Winnipeg.

F.O. BALDUR SIGURDSON—Born at Riverton, Man., Jan. 29, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 1941. Now serving as an instructor at Souris, Man.

PARENTS MR. & MRS. SIGURBJÖRN SIGURDSON, FORMERLY OF RIVERTON NOW OF WINNIPEG, MAN.



Miss Joan Peterson

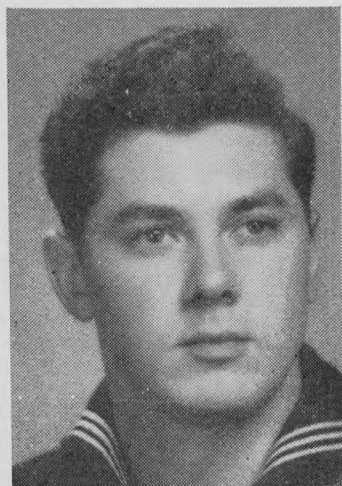


Lt. Byron Peterson

MISS JOAN PETERSON—Born in June 1914 at Minneota, Minn., is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. Joined the Red Cross and is now Red Cross Assistant Field Director on a Hospital Ship, sailing between England and the U. S. A.

LT. BYRON PETERSON—Born in Jan. 1916 at Minneota, Minn. Graduated from the University of Minnesota. Took Master's Degree at the University of New Hampshire. Enlisted in the U. S. A. in 1941. Trained at Ogden, Utah. Embarked for Sicily in 1943. Now serving with Quartermaster Division in Italy.

PARENTS MR. & MRS. S. G. PETERSON, MINNEOTA, MINN.



Alfred O. Thorwaldson



A.C. Wilmar T. Thorwaldson

AVIATION RADIO TECHNICIAN 3/C ALFRED O. THORWALDSON—Born at Akra, N. D., April 15, 1922. Enlisted in the U. S. Navy in October 1942. Is now in training at Santa Ana Air Base, California.

AVIATION CADET WILMAR T. THORWALDSON—Born at Akra, N. D., June 16, 1923. Enlisted in the U.S.A.F. Jan. 1943. Now in training in San Antonio, Texas.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. O. K. THORWALDSON, FORMERLY OF AKRA, N. D.,
NOW OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**



Lieut. Raymond G. Gottfred



Lieut. Lorne A. Gottfred

LIEUT. RAYMOND G. GOTTFRED—Born at Winnipeg, Man., July 31, 1921. Graduated with a B.Sc. degree from the University of Alberta in 1942. Enlisted with the Canadian Armoured Corps and trained at Gordon Head B.C., and Camp Borden, Ont. Went overseas in Jan. 1943. At present attached to the Calgary Tanks and on active service in Italy.

LIEUT. LORNE A. GOTTFRED—Born at Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 16, 1923. Was attending in the University of Alberta taking a course in Medicine when he enlisted with the R.C.N.V.R. Took training at Kings College, Halifax, and was later attached to the HMCS Nonsuch at Winnipeg. Was later stationed at Halifax on HMCS Charny and now attached to HMCS Huntsville as Gunnery Officer.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. GUSTAV GOTTFRED, EDMONTON, ALTA.

MILITARY MEDAL FOR BRAVERY

TROOPER HELGI STEPHEN RUNOLFSON



Tpr. Helgi S. Runolfson

Trooper Runolfson, Canadian Armoured Corps, was born at Lundar, Man., on Jan. 27, 1918. In civil life he was a farmer living at Lundar. He joined the army on Sept. 23, 1941, and proceeded overseas on April 8, 1942. His mother, Mrs. Mary Runolfson, lives at Lundar.

His citation follows: "Trooper Runolfson was the driver of a special assault tank which was launched off the Beach at Grayesur Mer. The tank drowned and the crew took shelter on the rear deck while the enemy brought down heavy mortar and machine gun fire. The crew commander was wounded and washed overboard. Tpr. Runolfson, without regard for his own safety, went after the crew commander and tried to save him, but was unsuccessful due to the rough sea. After two hours in the water he was able to get ashore. He then picked up a German rifle with ammunition, and although suffering from the effects of immersion fought his way forward with the leading elements of the infantry until he was able to rejoin his unit. Whilst under fire, Tpr. Runolfson showed a spirit of self-sacrifice and determination of the highest order."



Gnr. Jon Gislason



Des. Rdr. Gudjon Gislason



Pte. Kari Gislason



Pte. Daniel Gislason

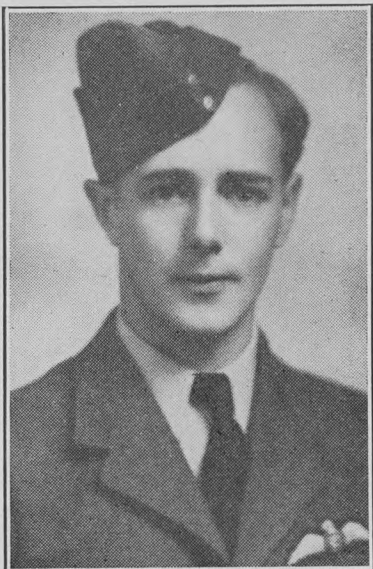
GUNNER JON GISLASON—Born November 19, 1917 at Elfros, Sask. Enlisted with The Regina Rifles at Regina, Sask., in October 1941. Went overseas in March 1942. Was reported killed in action in Normandy June 6, 1944.

DESPATCH RIDER GUDJON GISLASON—Born at Elfros, Sask., in October 1914. Enlisted at Regina with the Regina Rifles in October 1941. Went overseas in March 1942. Was wounded in Normandy June 9, 1944. Returned to Canada and arrived at Elfros September 20, last.

PTE. KARI GISLASON—Born at Elfros, Sask. Enlisted at the age of 19 at Regina with the Army Service Corps and has been in training in various parts of Canada for nearly 4 years. Is stationed at Debert Military Camp, Nova Scotia.

PTE. DANIEL GISLASON—Born at Elfros, Sask. Age 28 years. Joined the Canadian Army in the spring of 1943 at Regina, Sask. He is in training on the West coast in Canada.

PARENTS: JOHANNES GISLASON AND HIS WIFE SIGURVEIG ARNASON GISLASON OF ELFROS, SASK.

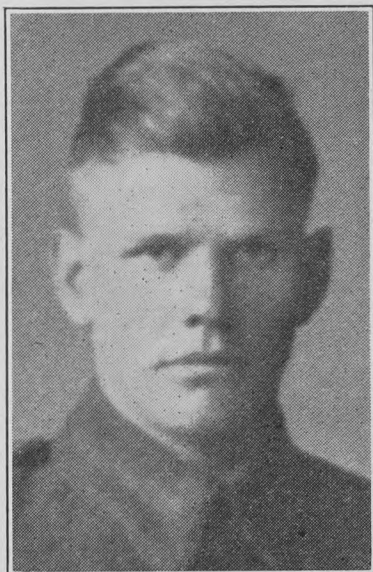


Flt.-Sgt. Jack E. K. Hannesson



**SGT. (ALBERT) SIGMAR EYFORD
JOHNSON**

Born at Piney, Man., May 12, 1922. Enlisted in the R. C. Winnipeg Rifles in June 1940. Trained at Camp Shilo and Debert, N. S. Went overseas in August 1941. He was reported missing early in June 1944, after the invasion of France, in which he took part. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson of Winnipeg.



Sgt. (Albert) S. E. Johnson

In Memoriam



FLT.-SGT. JACK E. K. HANNESSON

Born Nov. 13, 1922 in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Feb. 1942. Embarked for overseas in June 1943 where he served until June 1944 when he was killed in action. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kari O. Hannesson of Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Winnipeg, Man.



REPORTED KILLED IN ACTION

LIEUT. FREDERICK B. PAULSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Paulson, Winnipeg, Man. (Picture in March 1944 issue).

PTE. EGGERT STEFANSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudmundur Stefanson of Winnipeg, Man. (Picture in March 1944 issue).

SGT.-PILOT ARTHUR JOHANNESSEN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudmundur Johannessen of Winnipeg, Man. (Picture in Dec. 1942 issue).

Miss Dorothy Thornton Winner of Hoole Shield

★

"Miss Dorothy Thornton, whom Adjudicator Sir Ernest MacMillan declared had 'the makings of a real singer' Tuesday was awarded the Golan E. Hoole Memorial Shield as the Southern Saskatchewan Musical Festival wound up its second day.

"Sir Ernest declared a real singer 'makes us listen' and he said there was no doubt but that Miss Thornton had the audience with her every moment. She won each competition she entered.

"Southern Saskatchewan representatives to compete with northern winners for various provincial music festival awards were announced Wednesday as the southern festival ended.

"Biggest single winner in the festival, Dorothy Thornton, Regina, was named by the adjudicators candidate for the Knowlden scholarship of \$50, to be awarded to the competitor showing most promise in vocal classes. Miss Thornton had previously won the southern candidature for the Golan E. Hoole memorial shield, class B vocal competitions; the mezzo-soprano, grade B competition; the concert group of three songs, and the vocal solo, grade A class.

"High class singing was enjoyed in the competition for a concert group of three songs. Sir Ernest said that to some extent he and Mr. Pirani were judging the choice of the songs in each group as to its 'program building' value. The best choice of songs, and also the best performance was made by Dorothy Thornton, of Regina, he said. He was delighted with her lovely voice and gracious platform manner and the way in which she completely caught the mood of each song. Her selections were 'Who Is Sylvia,' 'To Music,' and 'Impatience,' all by Schubert, for which she was awarded 86, 87, and 88 marks respectively."

With these words of praise Miss Thornton's excellent performance at the

Saskatchewan Music Festival finals 5-23-44 were described in the Regina papers.

Prior to this year Miss Thornton was acclaimed, several times, the winner in the Singing Contests at the Saskatchewan Music Festival and in 1942 she received a silver medal from the Toronto Conservatory of Music.



Miss DOROTHY THORNTON

In the fall of 1944 Miss Thornton plans on entering the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Unquestionably we will be hearing about her in the future.

Dorothy Ann Thornton was born at Clear Lake So. Dak. 4-26--25. She is the daughter of Frank L. and Magdalena Thornton. Mr. Thornton is the manager of the Canadian Branch, Continental Hail Insurance Co. of New York. Dorothy's maternal grandparents were Job and Valgerdur Sigurdson who, for many years resided at Upham, N. Dak. Her uncles S. K. (Dick) Bjornson of Chicago and Dr. B. K. Bjornson of Fargo, N. Dak. are well known among Icelandic people. The Thorntons have lived in Regina for the past 15 years.

Best of luck Dorothy. We are looking forward to hearing you sing.

Moheekan of the Lone Lands

By G. BERTHA DANIELSON

★

Editor's Note: The young author who presents this vivid picture of animal life in the primitive hinterland of Canada's North, comes from Bowsman, Manitoba, and is a school teacher by profession. She was married in July to Bödvar Johnson and resides in Flin Flon.

Moheekan was the most daring, the most unscrupulous, the most majestic of all the wolves that haunted the cold Northland. None of his fellows could rouse a second's apprehension in his stout heart; no code of the wilds could restrain his lawless deeds; no powerful enemy could usurp his sovereignty over the pack that hunted with him. He lived his wild life unrestrained and triumphant, enjoying the fullness of it until the hand of Fate swept from him all that he had battled for, and left him standing alone on a summit, sending forth his solitary wail through the darkening shadows of his native haunts.

They were beautiful, those haunts, stretching in muskegs, evergreens, and sparkling lakes with many a welcome hide-out along their rock-bound shores, where Moheekan could seek seclusion when the hated scent of man tainted his domain.

Moheekan knew that the man's cabin stood, a rustic structure, in the shelter of the pines, with little clumps of birches ornamenting the foreground. Sometimes on a dark night he ventured by on his nightly hunt; and sometimes he mounted the rocky point nearby, sending forth his long-drawn, forlorn wail into the night. For in spite of that huge droning monster that he saw overhead at odd times, and the rustic cabin of his enemy, Moheekan had hitherto been safe from the menace of man.

Moheekan was sitting on his haunches at the edge of Wintering Lake. The moonlight, falling in silvery rays, showed him a fine, silver-grey animal about to gather his pack for the hunt.

Suddenly from the depths of his savage throat came forth a long, clear howl,

ending in a melancholy quaver. As its last note faded away into the stillness the cry was caught up by a dozen echoes, far and near. And from the shadows of the tree-fringed lake shore a dozen ghostly forms glided into view.

Moheekan advanced a few paces. Then like a haughty general looked down with cool indifference upon the pack. He stood aloof—save for two bolder ones that bounded to his side impatiently awaiting his least command—determined that no eagerness to meet his kin should lessen his prestige in their midst.

Again his war cry of howls pierced the night.

The bold ones joined the chorus, only to meet Moheekan's fierce resentment, as, snarling angrily, he leaped among them with bared fangs until they fell back cowed, acknowledging him the leader of the pack. No rival cry should challenge his undisputed command.

At that moment a new pair came softly from the thicket. Moheekan eyed the strange wolf with jealous rage; but when his eyes rested upon, the sleek beauty of that rival's mate Moheekan's heart throbbed with painful ecstasy. By law of tooth and fang, she should be his.

But now was not the time, for already the pack had gathered for the hunt.

Proudly Moheekan led them on to the hot scent of moose, and they sped across the lake howling defiance and murder at their prey, a mother and a yearling that dashed madly before them. The young creature had not yet gained full speed nor strength, and wild mother-love refused to escape leaving him to battle for life alone, for death was at their

very heels, headed by Moheekan of the Lone Lands.

The mother swerved towards the sheltering protection of the rocky point of the timbered shore. With her back to the wall she would fight to her last; but the calf, now driven on by fear alone, failed to sense her move and was forced into the open. That howling pack had him at bay.

On they rushed in fierce battle array. Moheekan and the bold ones to the right; Grey and his mate to the left; and in the rear a dozen devils at his very heels. With lightning speed they flashed along the snow, each moment bringing them nearer to the poor victim that darted right and left in panic-stricken desperation. In vain, with the last ounce of ebbing strength he tried to get through that encircling death only to stumble in the snow. The end was near.

Moheekan closed in; the nearest filled the gap; then suddenly a third, with straining muscles, made one magnificent spring high over the hoofs of the struggling calf, sinking his fangs in deep and true.

This was Moheekan's chance. While that fifty pounds of fury held, he flew through the space, and soon the hopeless calf was a lifeless mass staining the snow crimson with his ebbing lifeblood.

Moheekan dropped his hold, and the pack rushed in. Ripping and tearing and crunching they feasted and gorged, until a bone or two and scattered hair and hide were all that remained upon the bloody snow in mute testimony of the inexorable laws of the wilds.

While they feasted Moheekan watched from the sidelines. An empty stomach could conquer a gorged one, and he was determined to steal Grey's mate. In jealous rage he saw her join his rival, whose hunger now appeased, snarled scornfully at him, the leader of the pack.

As the pair started towards the timbers Moheekan blocked their way, purring soft endearments to Grey's mate, who regarded her new lover uncertainly. Grey advanced to meet his foe and the

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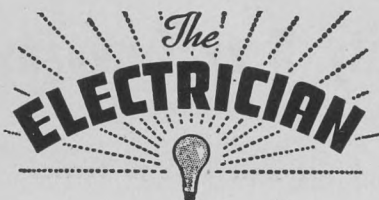
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fight was on, while the pack scattered to a safe distance beyond the danger zone.

Around and around the fighters circled; each successive round brought Moheekan nearer to his rival, his suspicious eye darting hatred, and his gleaming fangs threatening certain death.

Moheekan's challenge met with the desired result, for suddenly Grey sprang at him in fury. The leader dodged aside with swift movement just as his big rival dived at his forepaws. Baring his fangs he gashed Grey above the shoulder, infuriating him, and sending him in one swift retaliation upon his enemy's back. But Moheekan anticipating the act, glided forward on the snow sending his antagonist spinning over his tail.

Then the grey wolf was mad with desperate rage; throwing all caution to the winds he snapped at Moheekan's furry throat. Again and again he darted forward, and Moheekan ducked and dodged, sometimes evading the murderous fangs, sometimes feeling their piercing sting, till Grey's attacks left him exhausted.

It was Moheekan's chance to circle close and force the issue. In a grip of vice he caught Grey's hind leg, and rising up, snapped the bone in two.

With a yell of fury and pain Grey caught him on the shoulder, gashing long and deep. Then that big Moheekan ripped, and sprang, and struggled, until in a death grip they rolled over and over, and his vicious fangs sank in a fatal thrust into his foe.

But not even death could satisfy Moheekan's savage lust to kill, and soon Grey's noble body and beautiful fur were only a bloody mess upon their battleground, while the pack, which had watched the struggle for love and mastery, slunk silently into the shadows of night from whence they had come, leaving Moheekan alone with the prize of victory.

Limping and bleeding he crawled towards his new love, and let her lick his wounds and caress him, for in the

wilds strength wins such tenderness. So for days Moheekan lay content to nurse his bruises in the shelter to which his new-won mate led him. The morsels left on some bones at the kill appeased his hunger until that leg of his allowed him to hunt and move on.

As the weeks passed by Moheekan's mate became restless; together they roved far and wide, circling back into old haunts again. She led the way, and Moheekan was content to follow her every whim, for a new feeling ruled his savage heart. Often they glimpsed the solitary man whose cabin stood amid the timbers; and once, when they had circled beyond the farthest margin of Moheekan's usual range, they met another man who carried deadly weapons. Moheekan scented them, and instinctively turned aside from danger's way.

At times when the urge to kill stirred the hot blood in his veins he would call the pack together, but now the snow had become so deep that moose and elk had yarded up, and when hunger forced the pack to attack the yards, even Moheekan's skill often met with defeat. More than one of his followers was torn asunder by a stag's sharp antlers.

The snow piled higher as the months of winter dragged on. Moheekan felt his silken coat becoming ragged, and his body lean and gaunt, but the discomfort of that faded before his new

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responsibility for his mate, who had a tired hungry look,—and food was increasingly scarce. The rabbits had tunneled from bush to bush underneath the drifts, and even the strong Moheekan could not run far in their depths. He would be glad when the warmth of the spring sun came with warm winds to melt the snows.

So the weeks dragged on. The snow settled, and then came the time when each day saw more slopes bare. Moheekan's mate urged him to follow her as she headed into the south, day by day resting oftener for she was now heavy with young.

Moheekan could not understand her motive, but one night when he was returning to their cove on Three Spruces Creek with a very lean rabbit, he sensed that a change had taken place while he was away. Investigating the loose dirt, he found a den far underground. Proudly he laid his meagre offering at his mate's feet, casting, the while she devoured it, searching eyes for some



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unseen foe, for now a new vigilance must be his.

For days Moheekan hunted alone.

Then the time came when a surprise greeted him, when his mate was no longer outside in her accustomed place, and at the den he met with fierce snarls and snapping; then tiny cries reached his ears, and Moheekan understood.

With yelps of delight he backed out of the den and mounted guard on a nearby hill. There he stayed for days leaving only for short hunting trips, for his mate must have food that she might nourish the young.

Days passed, then she appeared gaunt and weak. Eagerly she ate the little bits that he gathered for her, and now she allowed Moheekan to enter the den to see the pups, and was rewarded by his approving caresses.

But Moheekan could not find sufficient food for her. The puppies were draining her strength and she must shift for herself. It was therefore, with joy that her sensitive nose caught a new scent

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that was wafted upon the spring air. It was sweet and deliciously alluring, and her hunger knew no bounds. Her unerring instincts led her on to that little choice morsel, and she swallowed the dainty bite.

So Moheekan found her stiff and cold beside the den. The hungry cries of the three small puppies chilled even his savage wolf-heart. Their fluffy little bodies nestled close to his, searching for food; at last their whimpering ceased as the warmth of Moheekan's body soothed the waifs to sleep.

Moheekan tried to rear his family on fresh-killed meat, but the cubs were

too young to eat, and each successive day brought lessening strength and weaker cries, until at length death claimed its victims, and Moheekan faced a tragedy he could not fathom.

For weeks he lingered about his broken home, till hunger drove him away.

Then the great healer, Time, drew a soft veil of oblivion over his woes, and Moheekan once more led the pack in the kill, and mounted a hill to send forth his solitary wail into the night, until coming seasons should reward him with the answering call of a new love.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

★

The Editorial Board appreciates letters and comments regarding the publication of this magazine and urges the readers to employ it as a medium of exchange of ideas, and opinions on all topics that come within the frame of its policies and purpose. Such communications reflect the interest with which the journal is received and read. Furthermore they serve as landmarks in the choice of material by the editors for it is always their aim to publish suitable as well as useful articles. Finally it is always heartwarming to receive encouragement for efforts sincerely put forth. It reinforces the will to reach higher standards and to be worthy of whatever credit is given. Constructive criticism is welcomed—stories, poems and letters are welcomed in fact everything is welcomed except utter indifference and a pathetic silence.

The two letters selected from our Letter Box for printing in this issue sound an encouraging and constructively melodious note and though their appearance was slated for an earlier issue the echo of their contents is music to the ears.

12234 Evanston Ave.
Seattle 33, Washington
December 16, 1943

We have just received our first issue of your magazine, and in all sincerity we congratulate you upon your publication. It seems to me that this little magazine is a veritable dynamo of potential power for bringing together a unity of spirit of all Icelanders, regardless of location.

Naturally, we noted with special interest the article "Our Friends Across the Border" as it appears to be directed particularly to us. Since you solicit our opinions, I am going to state mine frankly and as briefly as I can.

Your article reveals an earnest desire on your part to build a publication dedicated to the fostering of a better understanding, a stimulating of interest, and a cementing of a bond of hereditary pride among all Icelanders in North

America. I need say no more in support of my first suggestion: that the name of the magazine be changed. The very fact that an article entitled "Our Friends Across the Border" is contained in the magazine implies our exclusion. I would suggest any name, such as "The Icelandic Monthly," broad enough to include all Icelanders, whether they be in Canada, the United States, Alaska, or elsewhere, for then you are bound by no geographic limit.

One can readily appreciate the courage and vision it took to launch this magazine, and as you point out it was necessary to proceed with caution. Now that it has gained a foothold, and the subscribers are fanning out in all directions, you solicit our suggestions as to how the magazine can best serve its readers. With that thought in mind the aims outlined in your article must necessarily be flexible and subject to the natural grow-

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ing pains of any progressive enterprise. I heartily endorse No. 1, 2, and 3; and particularly No. 4. For what could stimulate more interest in the publication or bring us closer together than sharing in the pride of accomplishment of our fellow men? As the publication gains momentum I feel sure that it will gain in importance. Articles, poetry, book reviews, honors of distinctions that come to Icelanders are of important news value.

And now with regard to No. 5:

"To interpret the position we should take as Canadians as you interpret your position as citizens of the United States."

I am afraid I cannot see your point. I feel very emphatically that it should be left out and shall try to explain why. I was born in the United States, my husband was born in Canada, and both of Icelandic parents. We have two children, 2 and 4 (an important detail), whom we delight in pointing to as being of Icelandic stock, more of a novelty here than in Canada according to your statistics. Both of us have friends and relatives "across the border", although I frankly confess that as far as the Icelanders are concerned, I didn't know any border existed. And if you wish to create a feeling of closeness among Icelanders, you certainly must refrain

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Manager**

from raising a barrier, purely from a psychological point of view

We are an ingredient in the melting pot of the United States, and as such our first obligation is to be useful and good citizens of our country. There are innumerable publications and organizations from which we can draw for inspiration along these lines. It seems to me, therefore, that this magazine should not concern itself with that aspect of our lives at all, but should confine itself to instilling in us a pride in our heritage, a broadening of our viewpoint, and a promotion of those sterling qualities which we associate with our ancestors.

I hope you accept the above opinions in the friendly spirit in which they are offered, and our good wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Herman K. Thordarson



Union Printers Home
Colorado Springs, Colo.,
August 30, 1944.

Enclosed please find One Dollar to be applied on my subscription to the Icelandic Canadian. Also please note the above change of address from Box 235, Wynyard, Sask.

I have not encountered any fellow countrymen in this vicinity but public interest in Iceland and Icelanders seems to be considerable; also more enlighten-

ed than I had been led to believe. (No doubt the American occupation has much to do with this).

In this connection I might say that quite a few people here have come to me for information, much of which I have been able to amplify by referring them to articles on the subjects in question which have appeared in the Icelandic Canadian.

May I add my voice to that of the host of congratulators. The magazine is a great success in its intended purpose.

Sincerely,

Carl Johnson.



In the former letter printed above, reference is made to the five main points of our constitution as outlined in the article "Our Friends Across the Border" (see September 1943 issue of Icelandic Canadian). In case this copy is not within reach at the moment we are pleased to reprint the five points in order that the reader may appreciate fully the opinions expressed by our correspondent:

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1. To assist in making the things of value in our Icelandic heritage a living part of ourselves as citizens of this country and thus improve the quality of our citizenship.

2. To provide an instrument by which the children of the ever increasing mixed marriages may be reached, and through which we would seek to instill in them a better knowledge and a keener appreciation of our common heritage.

3. To provide a means whereby people of Icelandic extraction can become better acquainted with each other and thus strengthen the common bond of the past which in itself will strengthen bonds of the future.

4. To stimulate greater effort by making known to our readers the contributions of the people of Icelandic extraction to the highest and best type of citizenship.

No. 5 is contained in the above mentioned letter and therefore does not require repetition here. It appears that this clause contains fragments of divided opinions and it would be most interesting to receive further comments on it from our readers.—G. E.

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READERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our venture.

THE EDITORS

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The Common Lot

By BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON

We're all alike, one common lot,
Our hopes and longings are the same.
At first we all have greatness sought,
And Death is ending of the game.
And one by one beneath the sod
We lie forgotten, and the crowd
Again is treading paths we trod.
O, why then should a man be proud?



In Lighter Vein

Office Boy: "Sorry, madam, but the manager has gone to lunch with his wife."

The Wife: "O! Well . . . tell Mr. Simpkins his stenographer called."

★ ★ ★

In a case in which a man was accused of forgery, counsel for the defence managed in cross-examination to draw the following statement from one of the crown witnesses:

"I know the prisoner cannot write his name."

"All that is ruled out," said the judge, "the prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of someone else."

★ ★ ★

The AA ration book driver: "You look lovelier every minute. Do you know what that is a sign of?"

Lady friend: "Sure, you're about to run out of gas."

Crumbs

Norwegians tell this one: All the cats vanished from a little town in Southern Norway. Their disappearance was a mystery until the Germans announced they could only buy rabbits unskinned.

★ ★ ★

Handmade fabrics found on mummies hundreds of years old, in Peru, are

said to be as fine in texture as some of the best machine made fabrics of the present time.

★ ★ ★

Travelling washing vans call at the homes of factory workers in England and do the washing on the spot for housewives who are engaged in war work.

★ ★ ★

Educators in China hope to have the country unified by a national spoken language within ten years.

★ ★ ★

Two London Children aged three and six were found trying to light cigar stumps. They said they were "playing at Churchill's."

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